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Christmas and New Year Carols

by John F. Herget

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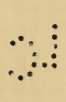
BY
JOHN F. HERGET
Cincinnati, O.



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The Magnificat

MY soul doth magnify the Lord:
My spirit hath rejoiced in God
My blessed Saviour.

For on His handmaid's low estate
He looked in loving kindness great
And stooped to honor.

All generations yet to be
Henceforth my happiness shall see
And bless forever.

Because in love the Mighty One
For me great things hath truly done:
His name is holy.

Shall rest through all the years of time
On them that fear Him.

His mighty arm He hath made bare,
The proud hath taken unaware
Their

The princes seated on their throne
With lofty looks He hath put down,
Their pride to humble.

The humble man of low degree,
Who fears thus proud in heart to be,
He hath exalted.

The hungry with good things He filled,
Their crying He hath gently stilled,
And stooped to help them.

With empty hands, without delay,
The rich men He hath turned away,
And scorned to hear them.

He helped His servant Israel
That He might ever without fail,
Remember mercy,

According to His promise made
To Abraham and to his Seed,
Henceforth forever.

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His mercy and His grace sublime
Shall rest through all the years of time
On them that fear Him.

His mighty arm He hath made bare,
The proud hath taken unaware
Their hope to scatter.

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With lofty looks He hath put down,
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Song of the Angels

THE night was still, the stars shone bright,
The shepherds watched their flocks with care,
Near Bethlehem,
When o'er the hills there came a light,
More brilliant than the noon day glare,
Surrounding them.

While dazzled by the blinding sight,
An angel, coming, said to them
Exultingly,
Good news I bring, be not affright,
A King is born in Bethlehem,
To you this day.

Then wondrous scene their eyes beheld,
A vision of an angel choir
In bright array;
While on the night an anthem swelled
That broke the stillness of the hour
In sweetest lay.

Glory to God! the angels sang,
Glory to God! who reigns on high
In majesty.
Glory to God! the echo rang,
Glory to God! gave back the sky
So joyfully.

Song of the Angels

On earth be peace, good will to men,
Thus rolled the tidings of the song,
Triumphantly.
The chorus rang through hill and glen,
The echo sounded loud and long
Through breaking day.

The shepherds left their flocks and came,
With fear and wonder in their heart
All silently,
To seek the Child in Bethlehem,
And searched in every nook and part
Quite hastily.

They found Him in a manger laid,
In swaddling clothes securely bound,
And tenderly
The mother watched her little Babe,
And pondered long without a sound
The mystery.

The shepherds then with one accord
Published abroad the precious Name,
The Name sublime,
Of Jesus, who is Christ the Lord,
Until all men have heard His fame
In Every clime.

Little Town of Bethlehem

OH LITTLE town of Bethlehem,
At mention of thy name, my soul
Is filled with wonder, as again
The echoes of thy music roll
Through twenty centuries of time
In accents sweet, in tones sublime.

Thy fame rests not on sordid gold
Nor other things the world holds dear,
But on thy manhood's noble mould:
The many children thou didst rear
Far from the noisy world apart,
Men, stalwart, after God's own heart.

In thy vales, Jacob laid to rest
Fair Rachel, idol of his heart,
For whom his love was put to test,
Whom naught but death from him could part.
With broken heart he left her grave,
But faith in God had made him brave.

In thy fields, Boaz, man of wealth,
Reaping his harvest when full ripe,
Met Ruth, a maid in perfect health,
A woman of the noblest type,
And realizing her great worth
Gave her his heart from that time forth.

In thy hills, David watched his sheep,
With nature sweet communion held.
While all the world was fast asleep,
Her secrets she to him revealed.
She spoke to him of God above,
His glory, majesty and love.

In thy heart, Christ the Lord was born,
And in a manger gently laid,
On that first dawn of Christmas morn,
In Bethlehem, the House of Bread.
The Bread of Life was freely given,
God's greatest gift to earth from heaven.

Star of Bethlehem

O STAR of Bethlehem that shone
With wondrous clear and brilliant ray,
To wise men of the East unknown,
Glad herald of the dawning day.

Fairer than all the stars of heaven,
Brighter than brightest noon day sun,
Telling of the King who was given,
To sit for aye on David's throne.

Guiding the wise men great and true,
As swift they journeyed toward the west,
Silently through a country new,
To seek the object of their quest.

In silence deep it went before,
Beckoning them with silvery smile,
O'er hill and plain, through glen and moor,
Their willing feet it did beguile.

It stood a humble home above,
In little town of Bethlehem,
Wherein they found the King of Love,
And bowing down they worshipped Him.

Shine on, oh Star of Bethlehem!
Shine through the gloom of darkest night,
'Till all benighted sons of men
Have seen the glory of thy light.

The Babe of Bethlehem

THOU wondrous Babe of Bethlehem,
To Thee as Lord we humbly bow,
In honor of Thy worthy name,
We offer royal homage now.

The Counsellor, so wonderful,
The God of might and majesty,
The Prince of Peace, so beautiful,
The Father of eternity.

The Son of man, in poverty,
From heaven to earth Thou didst come down
To suffer for humanity,
To wear at last a thorny crown.

True Son of God with power divine,
Thy soul for man an offering given,
Revealing grace and love sublime,
To lift mankind from hell to heaven.

The Father hath exalted Thee
And placed Thee on His throne on high;
While men and angels bend the knee,
And on Thy matchless grace rely.

Our hearts in love to Thee we bring,
Their treasures at Thy feet we lay;
We hail Thee as our gracious King
And recognize Thy Sovereign sway.

Let angels place upon Thy brow,
The diadem of royalty;
Before Thee let all creatures bow,
Both now and in eternity.

A Merry Christmas

A MERRY Christmas may this be,
The best of all the years,
And may the Saviour give to thee
A heart relieved of fears.

The truth of God, as pure as snow
And clear as sun's bright ray,
Shine in thy mind and make thee know
And walk the narrow way.

The peace of God may it be thine,
Each moment of the day,
Calm, restful and serene thy mind,
From care and worry free.

The grace of God, so old yet new,
Sustain thee every hour,
And make thee gracious, kind and true,
By its constraining power.

The love of God o'ershadow thee,
That love so deep and strong,
And flood thy soul with melody
And song the whole day long.

A Merry Christmas may this be
To you and all mankind,
May faith and hope and charity,
Abound this Christmas time.

Dawning of the Year

WITH the dawning of the morning of
the first day of the year,
While the day is breaking o'er
the whitened earth;
As I think of all my failures, then my
heart is moved with fear,
And I realize the smallness of my worth.

As I slowly turn the pages of the
tear-stained Book of Life,
What regret and sadness fill my
inmost thought—
For the book is one long record of the
struggle and the strife
That 'tween good and evil I have daily fought.

Often evil has been present; and the good
I would have wrought
Has been hindered by the sinning of my soul;
And the hasty words and actions that
revealed my careless thought
Have prevented the attainment of my goal.

Oh! If only I could alter every action,
thought and word
That now cause my face to blush
with holy shame,
I would gladly live life over, in the
presence of my Lord,
And begin the toil and struggle once again.

Dawning of the Year

But the record now is written, and the
bitter tears that fall
Have no power to change the
writing on the page;
And the memories that linger, like the
writing on the wall,
Can but darken brightest moments of old age.

So I close the book in silence, and my
head in prayer I bow
To the Father of all mercy, grace and love—
All my sins to him confessing, I renew
each broken vow
As He hearkens from his dwelling-place above.

While for mercy I am pleading, lying
prostrate at His feet,
And his pardon, though unworthy, I implore:
I can hear Him softly saying, in
words infinitely sweet,
Go thy way, my erring child, and sin no more.

New Year Prayer

THESE things, dear Lord, I ask of Thee
At dawning of the year:

An Eye with power Thyself to see
In Him our sins did bear:

An Ear attentive to Thy Word,
Which giveth light and power;
A Tongue, not sharp like burnished sword,
But kind and true each hour;

A Hand in love stretched out to those
Who've fallen by the way;
A Foot ne'er weary in Thy cause,
Ne'er guilty of delay;

A Mind Thy precious truth to hold,
A heavenly treasure rare;
A Heart refined like purest gold,
Though in affliction's fire;

A Soul from sinful thought set free,
Thy temple, Spirit Holy;
That throughout all eternity
I may behold Thy glory.

These things, dear Lord, I ask of Thee
At the dawning of the year—
Thine ear do Thou incline to me,
My humble prayer to hear.

The Snowflake

LITTLE snowflake, clear as crystal,
Sparkling in the morning sun
With a radiance celestial
And a glory all thine own.

Intricate thy dainty structure,
Delicate in form and line;
Wonderful thine architecture,
Fashioned by a Hand Divine.

Like a miniature palace,
Through whose windows may be seen
Dancing on the polished surface,
Fairy forms of brightest sheen.

Shining with a matchless lustre,
Brighter than the brightest gem
Found in priceless stones that cluster
in a royal diadem.

When the sun's last rays have faded,
And the stars are shining bright,
In thy crystals are reflected
All the glories of the night.

The Abbey of Remembrance

IN the Abbey of Westminster,
In old hoary London town,
There are places filled with faces
Of the dead of great renown.

There's a corner for the soldier,
For the brave, the tried, and true;
There's a corner for the poet,
And the man of letters, too;
There's a corner for the statesman,
And a corner for the king—
Oh! what endless trains of fancy
And of thought their faces bring
Of the days in by-gone ages:
Days of war and days of peace;
Days when death, to suffering minds and
Hearts, meant rest and sweet release.

In the Abbey, cold and silent,
As the centuries pass by,
Their remains, reduced to ashes,
In a peaceful slumber lie:
Some of them long since forgotten,
Others favored still by fame:
Spoken of in words of praise,
Or burning words of bitter blame.
And their bodies, carved in marble,
Their names chiseled in the stone,
Are reminders of those old days,
Of the days now past and gone.

The Abbey of Remembrance

In the Abbey of Remembrance,
In the mansion of the soul,
There are faces of the many
Friends: the true, both new and old.
Friends of boyhood, kind and tender,
Who, in days of thoughtless youth,
By their patience and wise counsel,
Helped to make me what I'm worth:
Those who helped me win life's battles
By their sympathy and love,
Teaching me to look for wisdom,
Pure as crystal from above;
Friends of manhood, strong and faithful,
Who in moments dark and drear,
Saved me from the poisoned waters
Of the dark slough of despair;
Men with faith in God, and courage;
Men who dared to do the right;
Men with power to see the morning
In the darkest hour of night.
Some have passed from earth to heaven;
Some are standing by my side;
Some are near me; others, scattered
O'er the world so far and wide—
All are living in the Abbey,
In the mansion of my soul,
And to me shall live forever
While eternal ages roll.

A Happy New Year

A HAPPY New Year
I wish for you.
A season of cheer
With nothing blue,
And many friends dear
Both tried and true,
On this glad New Year's morn.

A year full of blessing
And joy in life,
With nothing distressing
And naught of strife,
A glad heart possessing
With happiness rife,
May God in love grant you.

A heart full of peace,
And from care set free,
May joy never cease
Thy portion to be;
From sorrow release
May the Lord grant thee
Through all the years of life.

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